MIRTH FOR THE MILLION. BROOKLYN'S SILENT HOUSE. WILLING TO COMPROMISE. GRIST FROM THE CITY'S MILL. ACTORS ANGRY AT J. J. SPIES. engaged by Manager A. H. Wood to pilot the coming starring tour of Master Tommy

ODDS AND ENDS OF HUMOR GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.



He-Oh, what a treasure it would be to possess you, Miss de Boodle! I should rest content the remainder of my life.

She—No doubt, as you know very well that pa retired on a cool million.

Shouldn't Complain [From the New York Weshly.] Stranger (in Chicago)-I don't see how you can sleep nights when you know that bloody Jake is roaming around loose.

Chicago Man - Jake don't do anybody any harm now. He's been given a nice position on the police force.

Resigned for Cause. [From the Epoch.]

Boston Lady-Did you ever belong to Browning club, Mrs. Pretzel? Cincinnati Lady-Well, yes, for a short while only; the beer supplied to the members was of such poor quality that I was forced to A Large Party.

Prom the Yankers Sta

Crimsonbeak-I expect a large party here to-day. Yeast-Indeed! Who's coming?

"My uncle."
"Who else?" "No one clse."
"But you said a large party."
"Well, my uncle weighs 350 pounds."

town)—Great difficulty. Every once in a while a girl lets the gas run too long before lighting it, and we have to look about for a new girl. No use looking for the old one.

A Natural Explanation.

Miss Smalltork-Good evening, Mr. Litehed: how well you look. Mr. Litched-Thank you, Miss Smalltork. Do you know why I look well? There's a

"Oh how delightful! Do tell me? I give right up."
"Because I am well, Miss Smalltork."
(And he becomes the conversational hero of the evening.)

Might Precipitate a Run

afraid of a run on the bank. Clerks (in surprise)-Why? "Why? Well, I'll tell you why. It's six

onick the depositors will begin

Fashion Note.



" Some of the most taking things this season are in dark steel.

A COURT STREET MANSION ABOUT WHICE STRANGE STORIES ARE TOLD.

The Doors and Windows Are Locked and Nobedy Has Lived in It for Years-A Lady Said to Visit It Occasionally-Is Sentiment or Legal Difficulties Responsible for Its Disuse?

In one thing is America much behind England, and that is in haunted houses, tenanted by respectable ghosts two or three hundred years old; no ghost has time to get settled and begin to haunt a New York house, for he has to move out every 1st of May.

Besides, the rea estate agent would not allow his houses to be haunted. He would get a writ of ejectment and turn the ghost out. Or, perhaps, he would put up a sign, Book-agents, peddlers and ghosts not allowed on these premises."

There is one house in Brooklyn, however, which a by-passer might easily believe was baunted, though it is not.

It stands on one of the main thoroughfares, Court street, near Warren.

The front door is locked, the shutters are closed; no one ever answers the bell; the

house, once one over answers the belt; the house, once one of the finest in Brooklyn, is empty. It has been closed and untennied for thirteen or fourteen years.

As it would rent for at least \$1,000 a year, every one in the neighborhood wonders why it has not been occupied by its owner or else rented. To make the mystery more interesting, when the question is asked no one can answer it.

ing, when the question is saked no one can answer it.

In 1838, Anson Plake was the stirring and enterprising builder and contractor of Brooklyn, and he built scores of houses which are still standing.

Just fifty-one years ago he built a block of houses on Court street, between Warren and Wyckoff streets.

This part of Court street was then so far out of Brooklyn that it was thought no one would care to live there, and the block was known as 'Bake's Folly."

The houses were three and a half stories high, with high basements. The doors were of rosewood, the halls were spacious and the ceilings high. of rosewood, the main were ceilings high.

Rich people of New York and Brooklyn came to live in them. This part of Court street was then quiet, pleasant and fashiona-

Among those who came to live in the row, which had been named "Blake's Folly," was Mr. G. Merle, a polished and courteous gen-tleman who had acquired a large fortune in

theman who had acquired a large victories.

It is not remembered in the neighborhood whether he was from Belgium or from France, whether he was a merchant or a sea cautain, but he was very popular and was much regretted when he died some twenty

years ago.

His wife continued to live in the house, His wife continued to live in the house, spending her Summers in the country.

About thirteen years ago she died. Since then the house has been closed.

Year after year, in sunshine and in storm, by night and by day, it has stood there silent, mysterious, tenantless.

The old door-plate is still on the front door with the name G. Morle on it.

It is said that once in awhile a lady visits the house, goes through it and then departs again.

again.

This has given rise to two legends.
One is, that the house still has all its fine furniture and pictures in it just as it had in the olden time, and that the lady who visits is a daughter, to whom it was willed, and who does not occupy it and will not rent it, but has kept the old home thus as a matter of seutiment.

sentiment.
The other legend is that the house contains The other legend is that the house contains no furniture, and that it is not occupied because the people who own it are very rich and do not care to live in it, and that it is not sold or rented because it was left by a marvellously complicated will.

The lady who visits it is a daughter, and she calls to give the old house an occasional airing. Not long ago a new tin roof was put on.

on.

The neighborhood is not now a fashionable one. If you open the resewood door of the house next door to the silent one you will enter a shoemaker's shop.

HEAVIEST CORPSE ON EARTH.

Death Has Taken John L. Lawes. Who Weighed 640 Pounds.

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD ! the heaviest corpses ever heard of in that of John L. Lawes, who yesterday carried 640 pounds of human flesh over to the majority. Mr. Lawes was a very fat man. But for his death he would be an attraction at the county

Lawes was forty years of age. It is only within the past three years that he has acquired this mountain of flesh. He used to be a blacksmith, and was a slight, delicate thing of two or three hundred pounds. Then he began to gain from five to ten pounds every week, until he had pro-gressed to a dime museum magnifude. His ap-petite increased with his avoirdupois. Two or three pounds of beefsteak was the merest snack to him. Towards the ond of his life he spent most of his time eating. He got so fat that of late he could neither lie down nor walk, and he required constant attend-ance.

unce.

Under the circumstances it would seem as if death must have been a relief. Still, the huge man was of the happiest, best natured disposition in the world. He positively enjoyed anowing his immense proportions to admiring beholders. Naturally, his death leaves a large gap.

BIVAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS PLAINLY TIRED OF DISSENSIONS.

Connest Says He Is Satisfied with the N. Four A.'s Policy-Emphatic Denial of Sullivan's Reported Spree_Steve Brodie Will Make Two Great Jumps-Feathering for Their Fight.

There is no doubt but that both the N. four Vs and A. A. U. are tired of the athletic war and would be glad to call a halt if either thought it could do so without compromising its dignity. But, unfortunately for this outlook, the A. A. II, thinks it sees a prospect of ultimate victory by continuing the struggle a little longer, much as it would like to be party to signing a declaration of peace. But that members of the two organizations, as individuals, are weary of their protracted differences is proved by the fact that the athletes of both parties seem willing to meet each other in competition on the athletic field, but they are restrained from doing so by their officers. If the two athletic organizations are unable to come to an amicable understanding, why not form an entirely new association, compresing both the N. four A's and A. A. U., arbitrating before hand all the questions at issue between he two?

T. P. Conneff writes to THE EVENING WORLD denying the statement recently published in a morning paper to the effect that "he hoped soon to be able to contest in any games which may take place, without the constant fear of the blacklist at the hands of his association, the N. four A's." Mr. Conneff is secretary of the Adelphi Athletic Club, recently established by the Manhattau Athletic Club to strengthen the N four A's. He says further that he is perfectly satisfied with the policy of the N. four A's. He thinks it has "right and justice" on its side. Perhaps it har, but this is hardly the way to effect a reconciliation. Statements like this serve to fan anew the flame of jeal-ousy between the two associations. Tommy ousy between the two associations. Tommv is a very prominent member of the N. four A's, and a host in hunself on the athletic field. If he headed pacific measures his lead would be upt to be followed.

Sullivan has not been drinking, according to the abundant testimony that has poured into the city since the reports of his alleged aprec. The following telegram, received by Casrley Johnston from William Muldoon yesterday, would seem to settle the question pretty effectually:

Sullivan is working just as you left him. Any reports to the contrarp are untrue.

Other advices received in this city seem to

Other advices received in this city seem to show there was some fire where there was so much smoke. Sullivan objected to a little extra work which Muldoon wanted him to do and went off to the village hotel in a huff. Muldoon sent word requesting the hotels to kindly not give Sullivan any fire-water. But this precaution seemed unnecessary, for the reports do not say Sullivan asked for liquor. He promptly recognized that he was action. He promptly recognized that he was acting foolishly and returned to his quarters and apologized to Muidoon.

The Scottish-American Athletic Club is making great preparations for their mid-summer picnic and games at Ca-edonian Park July 4. From all accounts it will, in-And now Steve Brodie is under engage

ment to paries in Cleveland, O., to jump from the via tuct in that city for a \$500 purse. The jump is to be made July 4. Steve leaves for Cleveland June 29. It is 136 feet to the water from the top of the viaduct.

A more dangerous leap even than this will be attempted, so Brodie says, on Aug 8, namely, a leap from the top of Niagara Falls. He has an ofter of \$2,000 to do this leap.

It is thought now that a meeting between the two famous feather-weights, "Cai" Mc-Carthy and Johnny Murphy, is inevitable in the Fall. Both men are keeping in prime condition and are in training nearly all the

There seems to be an impression prevailing in certain quarters that Billy M.er never fought a hard battle in his life, with the exception of the one with McAuliffe, He fought Charley Daly, of St. Louis, thirty-two rounds in Illinois, and it was any man's fight up to the last moment, when Myer chipped Daly on the jaw and knocked him fout. This is on record.

out. This is on record. John S. Fox, of the Troy Cribb Club, is auxious to get on a good mill. He wants to have men of reputation spar at the Club. He was disappointed that Dacey and Hopper did not accept the Club's offer. Besides Dacey and Hopper Mr. Fox men ions Louis Jester, Mike Cushing and Paddy Smith as desirable men to secure. He is waiting for the pugilists to communicate with him.

> Utility First. [From Time.]

Minister-Ah, Mr. Pillar, the church is sadly in need of funds. Parishioner-What's wanted? "I have started a subscription to buy the

new organ and another for the poor of the "I can't contribute to both."
"Then subscribe to the organ fund."

ON THEIR ROUNDS. Georgia Planter Tells flow Cotton Is

A prominent Georgia cotton planter, who struck the town on one of the humid days last week, was seen the other evening airing himself in the corridor of one of the uptown

"This beats Georgia weather all hollow." he said, as he mopped his perspiring forebead, "but it's just the sort of weather we cotton growers like down there. It's sure to bring us agood yield and a fine stable.

When does the picking begin ?"

" Not till the latter part of July, but it is just the time that the crop is maturing that we need the best weather. After the cotton begins to ripen the picking goes forward with-out intermist in till the Christmas holidays,

"How is the picking done?"

"Each hand is supplied with a big basket and a bag. The basket is left at the end of the cotton row, and the bag is suspended from the neck of the picker by a strap, and is used to hold the cot on as it is taken from the boil. When the bag is full it is emptied into the backet, and the operation is repeated all day long.

How much cotton can a single hand pick in a day?"
"The average picker can make from 250 to The average picker can make from 250 to 300 pounds of seed cotton a day, but there are some negroes who have become so expert that they can go away beyond this amount. As they are only baild for what they pick there is some incentive to work as quickly as possible.

"But it's not in the nature of a negro to every himself every with a prepared of make

but it's not in the nature of a negro to exert himself, even with a prospect of mak-ing higher wages, and the majority of them are fond of 'sojering.' It is no use trying to drive them, so the overseers let them do about as they please. So long as we get the crop gathered in time it doesn't make much difference,"

A Magnetized Watch Loses Its Owner Champagne for a Party. "It's just 3 o'clock."

"It's twenty minutes after 4." "Bet you wine for the party I'm right." said the first speaker, emphasizing his remark by snapping down the heavy gold lid of his watch.

"Done" said the other. Then the two gentlemen started for the City Hall clock, where it was found that the one who had laid the wager was nearly an hour and a halt behind time. Indeed his watch had stopped. An Evining World reporter, who chanced

to be present, never saw such an expression of surprise as that which was on the loser's face. It appeared that he had been visiting an electric light plant and the steel in his watch had become magnetized.

As the subject of electric motors for cars is interesting just now, inquiries were made of some electricians as to the effects of the

some electricians as to the effects of the current on the passengers.

"It is a question that is very interesting," Electrician Hyals said. "There will be a great deal of ce-tricity generated, and all the iron used in the car's structure will undoubtedly become magnetic, also the rails over which the cars roll are liable to become magnetized through induction. Now, what will be the effect remains to be proven. Of course, the magnets will erow stronger and course, the magnets will grow stronger and stronger."
"Would a man's watch be spoiled by his riding in an electric car?" asked the re-

It might. Indeed it is quite likely. "Twould be something of a joke, however, if a fellow should ruin a hundred-dollar watch for a five-cent ride."

"I don't think there's any doubt about the current affecting watches." said Jeweller Edwin A. Thrall. "I've just had a pretty stiff controversy on that subject myself. It's a we I-known fact that electricity magnetizes

iron, and there's no getting around i Some People Who Help a Race-Track Win-

Many curious characters are seen at the race-tracks and on the trains which bear the race-going public on their homeward journey. They are never seen before the races, but

fter the sport is over for the day they spring ip like mushrooms.
This is probably due to the fact that there wil be many winners aboard, and if it has been a favorite day they reap a harvest.

The train will barely have started when the door opens and in pops a small boy who immediately starts to sing n a nigh shrill voice

"I believe it, for my mother to d me so."

The pa senger- are relieved when he gets through and gladly throw pennies in his can be get rid of him.

Then comes the blind man, who has frequented race tracks for years. A boy leads him and distributes touching little poems at five cents each. This old man is said to average \$20 a day clear.

Then comes a pretty flower girl, the crab and chicken-sandwich men, the man with the California peanuis," the man who has a sure thing for the morrow's races, and a score of others.

others.

By the time the train has reached its destination most of the passengers haven't

change enough to buy a paper.

Any Ache or Pain Relieved by Carter's SMART WEED & BELLADONNA BACKACHE PLANTERS. *. *

SOME THINGS THAT REPORTERS GATHER OBNOXIOUS REGULATIONS BY THE AGENT OF THE ACTORS FUND.

> Nat Goodwin Back in Town-Successful Theatricals on Board the City of New York - Dixey Likely to Open at the Standard in September-Dan Collyer's Plans for Next Season.

> Quite a little stir has been caused among actors by Mr. J. J. Spies, the regular dramane agent of the Actors' Fund, who has just issued a set of rules which he has pasted up conspicuously for the benefit of his customers. The regulations have amused many, but have incensed more. Several actors have declared that they were an insult, and a member of Mr. Charles Elis's company, Mr. Pheodore M. Brown, expressed his opinion about them to Mr. Spies in a very lively, manner. These are the offending articles:

Ladies and gentlemen will please observe the ollowing:
1. Please do not visit me on Monday.
2. Please do not ask me about next season

2. Please do not ask me about next season until July.
3. Do not ask me to get you engagements in the city. It is out of my power.
4. Please do not ask for an address. You will not get it.
5. I know that, with some few exceptions, husband and wife want to go together.
6. I know that everybody in the profession want to secure their engagements as soon as possible, so as to get out of town for the summer.

Summer.

7. I know that you want employment anywhere from one night to one year.

R. If you wish to talk, call at P.A. M.

B. Den't ask me to oblige you with stamps inless you have the exact change.

10. Do not moless any of the letters or photographs on the deak.

11. Credit me with common sense.

"Mr. Spies," said a well-known actor yes terday, "has no right to be autocratic. He depends upon us for his bread and butter. We should at least be treated respectfully. Mr. Spies's rules are nothing less than inso-

No. 9," declared another actor, "is an in-No. 11 is an impossibility."

To the casual observer it will look as though poor Mr. Spies had been a care ul but reckless student of dramatic human nature.

Miss Vernona Jarbeau wants a "rattling

Dan Collyer, of Harrigan & Hart renown, will go out next sesson in the play called "Two Lives" written by J. K. Tillotson and produced at Niblo's a short time ago, with Miss Maude Granger in the cast. The play will be renamed and known as "The Country Hoy." Mr. Collyer is to be very elaborately billed. Manager Hart, of Harley, it of direct has tour. lem, is to direct his tour.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Miss Emily Soldene and J. P. Smith are to decide to-day upon the future of the play, 'Jeanne Fortier, the Bread-Carrier," produced last week at

Teddy Marks sends to THE EVENING WORLD Teddy Marks sends to THE EVENING WORLD from Queenstown a programme of an entertainment given on board the steamship City of New York the other day. The big steamer took a great many theatrical people across the Atlantic, and they contributed considerably to the success of the concert. Eugene Tomokins, Smiley Walker, Edwin A. Stevens and George W. Lederer were the Honorary Committee. Mr. Marks was Chairman; Mrs. Helen Dauvray-Ward recited, as did also T. B. Masson, A. F. Buchanan, Mark Lynch and Mass. Maida Craigen. The entertainment netted £30 2s. 10d.

The Theatre Comique is closed for the sea on but will reopen about the end of August.
Mr. Hart has not as yet booked anything for next season. "Let those who don't know book now," he said yesterday, "I can select from a hundred attractions, and am in no

Frederick de Belleville is at present in Ant-werp with his father. He will sail from Europe carly in August. He is to be Miss Clara Morris's leading man again next season,

Stuart Robson, Steele Mackaye and Bronson Howard are at present at Mr. Robson's country place in Cohasset. Mr. Mackaye is engaged in arranging "An Arrant Knave." in which Mr. Robson is to appear next season.

Henry E. Divey will probably open his season at the Standard Theatre about the end of September, supported by E. E. Rice's company. Mr. Rice said yesterday that his new piece was not 'Faust,' and that it was not a burlesque at all. The name had not as yet been definitely decided upon. The sleee would be a new departure. Dixey will probab y try it out of town before presenting it to

Miss Clara Morris has a new American play that she will pre-ent next season. She has a date at the Union Square Theatre, and theatrial people are wondering how Mr. Harriott, her husband, will settle the matter with J. M. Hill, who has now contra ted with Neil Burgess to pre-ent "The County Fair" at the Union Square for the entire season.

Nat Goodwin is in town. He is charmed with his baby, and submits to cross-examination upon its merits with ultra-paternal amiability.

Mr. G. E. Tucker, who was in advance of the Duff Opera Company last season, has been

"You seem to share a portion of it," he "I have been here a whole month," he continued, not noticing her words.

She took advan age of a sight pause he made, for he found it difficult to speak calmly, to add: "Yes, a whole month!" and her voice implied that the period had seemed very long indeed.

Again he went on, without heeding her crued mockers.

ingly.
'Still, truth now and then makes an agreefort to hide my feelings. I could not have done so if I would. I loved you, Maud An-

eyes on her with a look of such iron determination, that she remained motionless. "It is possible that what I have to say may not be agreeable," returned he, slowly; but I mean to say it, all the same. I am

going away to morrow"—
"Does that come under the head of disagreeable troths?" she interrupted, with a little shrup of her shoulders.
"Not to you, certainly, or to me," he answered.

arely, "you and I could not be separating more irrevocably."
"Partings are hard things," sighed she,
"There's only one thing worse as a rule—
meeting people again.
"I wonder," he exclaimed, switing his hands together in uncontrollable excitement—oh, I do wonder if you are a living, flesh and blood woman, or one of those snow creatures, animated by a spell, such as the old legends tell of!"

old legends tell of "
"Why that's really very pretty "she said, in the tone of one who is receiving a compliment, and feels surprised that the speaker had tact to offer it. "I see you are deterhad tact to offer it. "I see you are deter-mined to make me regret your departure."

Nothing but a woman, and a woman of society, could have been so perfectly well bred and yet so horribly ironical and inso-

neighborhood and were out of sight in the limb grass.

Where they came from or what they came for is a commutum for the good Brooklynies. Btill they are better in the way of nuisance than their predecessors, the potato bugs.

There are not so many of them, they don't stay as long nor take up so much room, and, then, it is easier not to step on them.

If they had been frogs they would have been credited to the rain. People would have thought they washed down from the sky. But toods! They have no affinity with water, and so is is harder to ree why they should have appeared with the rain.

Brooklyn will rapidly establish a reputation for herself as a centre for peculiar animal manifestations, a sort of wayside menagerie, as it were, where alien creatures of the air above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth can drop in for an afternoon call. reated with the utmost delicacy, and hardly eems able to brook earnest endeavor. Mr. Morrissey's organization was unable to cope with it successfully. In fact, it is hardly possible that a company of singers who have successfully achieved "The Bohemian Girl" equally felicitously sing "The Chimes of Nor-The men were wofully at variance with Plan-quette's ideas. Mr. Edward Connell as the Marquis bellowed forth his songs in a way that

"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY."

Mr. James W. Morrissey's Grand and Comic

English Opera Company (a nice, meaty name

een affording great satisfaction to the Grand

Opera-House patrons. "Martha" and the "Bohemian Girl" were charmingly given, and

the people secured by Mr. Morrissey appeared to

be exactly suited to the interpretation of these

legitimate operas.

Last night, however, Mr. Morrissey produced

dainty, effervescent work, that needs to be

The Chimes of Normandy," Planquette's

for a poster, isn't it ?) has for the last two weeks

would have taken the roof off the little Folies Dramatiques in Paris, where "Les Cloches de Corneville" was first produced. Frank Bayter as Jean Grenicheux, murdered the chausonette "Va, Petit Mousse," which he sang as though his vocal cords needed tightening. Even the Gaspard of Harry Brown was hardly up to mark.

The success of the evening was the Germaine of Miss Athalie Claire, who sang very sweetly and looked delightful. Miss Claire can be congratulated on her effort, which was very warmly received. Miss Loie Fuller was a vivacious Serpolette.

Changes at the Theatres.

Jennie Calef was an exceedingly popular 'American Princess' at Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre last evening, and an immense audience demonstrated its approval by applause almost ontinuous from the rising to the going down o the cortain. The "American Princess" is in troduced in the first act as Princess O'Shaunnessy, of Castle O'Shaunnessy, located on the
edge of a Western wilderness. Mr. Waldron as
Deunis, her father, and W. H. Bonney as
Mickey, a pet bear, and the Princess make up
a comedy tro. A bloodthirsty fight with
supe, Indians and the rescue of a stage party
'held up 'by a band of reckless desperaducy,
the firing of musketry, the smell of gunpowder
and soul-destroying warwhoops make up the
play. One of the ladies on the stage is Lady
Dunmore, who proves to be the mother of the
plump and popular Princess O'Shaunnessy, who
is awarded to handsome Segwun, the hunter,
just as the audience goes home.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.

The May Howard burlesque company began
the second week of their engagement at Koster
& Bial's Concert Hall last night, Keller, the
pedo-manual phenomenon, was also to be seen,
with Keating and Flynn, Pete Mack, Harry Norris and Miss Howard.

OBAND MUNEUM.

ris and Miss Howard.

ORAND MUSEUM.

The Ossified African has returned to the Grand Museum and begin his second engagement there yesterday. He was surrounded by other freaks aimot as curious as himself, including Mr. Leebrich, the man with two mouths, and Mr. George Lippert, the man with three legs. On the stage a big show was given by Eliis & Shew's Boston Vandeville Company. Fietcher made a hit in "The Tramp." Aif Beavens gave imitations of popular actors. Miss Grey sang balads and several others acquitted themselves deservingly.

WINDOOR THRATES.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE.

Dockstader's Minstrels began an engagement at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night. J. H. Davis sang 'Appear, Love, at the Window; R. J. Jose sang 'Only a Bluebell, and Dockstader gave his popular 'I Guess Not.' Baker, Jones, Manning and and Davis in the song and dance called 'Silver Bells' were well received.

"Fixing a Lawyer" is the name of a farce that was given yesterday at Worth's Palace Museum, with Miss Maggie Willett and Mr. Harry Thorne in the cast. Andrew Hull, the man with the unusual skull, was to be seen, and other features were Charles Hunn, who sang comic songs; Miss Viola Dubois, Leelie and Hardman, Charles J. Gorman and Hart and Leo.

Judging from the enthusiasm with which he notwithstanding his long absence. Popular Minnie Schult is now enjoying a hard-earned vacation. She will sail on the Gellert, Thursday, for Europe. Proprietor George A. Huber will be a passenger on the same vessel. The Casino will be open this and just week, after

[From Barper's Baser.] "I wish." said Bronson, going to the want " window of a daily paper, " you

Going Into the Profession.

"I hear you are going into the law, Mr. Barkins. What branch do you take up, pat-

ent or railroad ?"
"Breach of promise. I'm the defendant."

"I have been here a whole month," he such passionate wrath. "To deny would be entinued, not noticing her words."

"Yes. I love hobody but myself," she exclaimed. "You are right there!"
"And boast of it?"
"Yos."
"She turned and walked away without another word. He made no attempt to follow—why should he? They had nothing more to say to one another in this world. He had only one prayer to offer, where she was concerned—it was that even in the next he might be preserved from the sight of her.

A Tale of Love and Jealousy and a Terrible Temptation.

The close of a golden day at Sorrento.

marvellous brown eyes and sunny-brown

degringly, she wondered that she held to-gether.

There she stood, leaning her arms on the railing, and gazing down the dizzy height where the gulls circled to and fro, while she looked wistfully over at the purple island, and was haunted by a sudden, loolish fancy that it seemed like the land of the lotos-eaters, where she might sit down and was torsers.

| fitted his nine and twenty years, strolled idly out upon the villa te race, and saw her tanding there in the magic ight, and called her hard names and himself a fool, which no doubt he was, so far as concerned her, sensi-ble as he usually proved himself in other re-

waters to where Ischia showed beautiful and unreal, as a fairy bark moored on the shining waves.

A lovely girl, this Maud Annesley, with a face at once tender, sensitive and proud, with marvellous brown area and supply brown was and supply brown.

He had come to Sorrento, meaning to remarvellous brown eyes and sunny-brown hair, with grace in every movement, with perfect hands and feet, and, in point of character, as capricious, spoiled and uncertain as her compatriots alone can be yet still remain bewitching. As full of good qualities as she was of faults, a bundle of inconsistencies so opposite that she sometimes herself said, Lughingly, she wondered that she held together.

There she stood, leaning her arms on the railing, and gazing down the dizzy height where the gulls circled to and fro, while she looked wistfully over at the purple island,

peace.

Just a week before this day Crofton's cousin and her spouse appeared, a cousin like most people's, given to interference and governing; and of all the girls that lived, Mrs. Grosvenor hated Maud Annes'ey the worst. She disliked girls in general, as women often do who have been beauties and have since grown thin and skinny and yellow; but she detested Maud! They had met in Paris two years previous, and Mand that it seemed like the land of the lotos-eaters, where she might sit down and rest forever, could sho only reach its happy shore. She had been spending a gay day with a gay party. She had been the centre and chief attraction for all the men. She had been in the sen in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the men. She had been in the surrection of the surrection

fascinate men at will. So she took refuge in hating the girl, and perhaps found a kind of consolation there n.

Soor afterwards the San Arpinos came down from Naples and took possession of their vills; and, o the disgust of the stately old dowager, young San Arpino, the heir to a dukedom, and a rent-roll enormous for Italy, and one of the handsomest men the peninsula could boast, flung himself anew straight at Maud Annealey's heart, or head, or feet, as you please. He had done this the previous Winter in Rome, much to the disgust of his stately mother, the Duchess, Maud had, it is true, been the most admired girl there. But she had not a large fortune, and, even if she had, the San Arpinos for a wonder, would not have needed her wealth. They had enough of their own, and more. They were proud. They boasted to sustained titles, and a descent, which they traced back almost to Nero, or Romusus himself, for what I know.

From the moment that San Arpino appeared, Maud Annealey had completely changed in her conduct towards Crofton. There had been no letting him down casily; no attempt at pretense. She turned haughty, and insolent, and stony, and was never so charming and womanly to San Arpino as when Crofton was by to see. And this was the creature

and pretense. She turned natignty, and the solent, and stony, and was never so charming and womanly to San Arpino as when Crofton was by to see. And this was the creature whom he had loved, had believed in; before whom he had poured his heart and soul, and let her know that he had done so! He had never but his secret into words, but he knew that she had seen it clearly enough, and had given him the tacit encouragement which any woman can do when she pleases, and yet remain perfectly femnine sud delicate. False and despicable she proved in every way, and he had loved her! He loved her still, in spite of his pain and wrath. He learned the whole truth from his cousin, heard the story of the past Winter, heard of San Arpino's devotion. Maud's efforts to win a ducal coronet and the old dowager's rage and masterly diplomacy to prevent such a consummation. diplomacy to preyent such a consummation. He Crofton, had been firted with from sheer He, Crofton, had been firted with from sheer wantouness, or clse regarded as a pis alice. Mand afterwards had thought of liking him peared so quickly that he almost faucied they mad his fortune, because she believed the young Duke out of her reach. But the instant the Neapolitan re-present and proved that his devotion was as strong as ever, strong that his devotion was as strong as ever, strong enough to make him rebel against the mother who had always ruled him imperiously, then

Maud flung off the mask and let Crofton see her in her irue colors.

He was going on the morrow. The torture of the last five days had grown insupportable. Besides, now there was no longer any doubt in his mind, it would be weak and contemptible to remain, a laughing-stock or all about—and worse, an object of scorn to himself.

He had been horribly treated, and his sense He had been horribly treated, and his sense of justice revolted against this. He was a man slow to anger, but he was furrous now. Had the girl shown the least consideration for his feelings he could have made excuses for her. He knew she did not love this handsome boy, who was only her own age; but she might be dazzled by his position, she might be urged on by her aunt. Crofton could have sought for reasons why he should not judge her barshly, had her conduct af not judge her harshly, had her conduct af-forded the least opportunity. But she turned upon him with absolute cruelty; she seemed to have a sivage pleasure in render-ing the blow as cruel as possible, in hurting him in every way that female ingenuity can contrive.

contrive.

To-day they had all been on an excursion, up among the lovely Sorrento hills. Crofton could not remain behind, for fear this girl should think he lacked courage to support her heartless cruelty, and she had made such a day for him, that he thought a soul in purgatory might pity him.

So now he was going away. As he stood on the terrace, and he caught sight of her standing below him, in her matchless beauty, a wild desire crossed his mind to speak, to let all his misery and anger find vent. She

all his misery and anger find vent. She deserved it, deserved to hear the verdict of a true upright heart, which her treachery had lacerated! He did not stop to consider. He was too nearly mad to be hindered by scruples or ideas which would have influenced him at another time

He s rode down the steps, hurried through
the garden, and came upon her before she
was aware of his presence. The least addition of color rushed into her cheeks, a second's confusion into her cheeks, a week out is confusion into her eyes, as she turned and perceived him. But both signs disappeared so quickly that he almost fancied they had not been there. She looked a little wearied bored by this intrusion, but she gave

answered, trying to imitate her indifference.
"Oh. I came out to get rid of the people."
she reblied. "One might as well be an animal in a menagerie, one never gets a moment "Probably I disturb you, then," said he.
"I am too well brought up a young person
to contradict my elders," she replied, laugh-

"Still, truth now and then makes an acree-able variety in this world, even if not polite." he re-orted, losing his ill-assumed in difference. "I think you are misanthropical or cross," said she. "I dislike either mood; so I will leave you." He stood straight in her path, and fixed his eves on her with a look of such iron deter-

"So much the better: then ben voyage!"
"But, before I go, there is something I wish to say "--" Last words are so fatiguing," she murmured. "I bag your pardon; but you spoke just as the dying people in novels begin their confessions. I forgot it was only a journey you were looking forward to."
"If I were dying "he cried out pass onately," you and I could not be separating were interesting to the separating to the separating were interesting to the separating to the separati

WINDSOR THEATRE.

"For His Natural Life" was the name of the play at the Windsor Theatre last night. It was well received and can be made into a success, It is a dramatization of a story by Marcus A. Clarke, In the cast were Inigo Tyrrell, H. Percy Meidon, Paul R. Everton, Charles Warren, Fred Jerome, Charles Patterson, Miss Minnie Kerselle and Miss Florence Webster. The performance was on the whole, good. WINDSOR THEATRE.

WORTH'S MUSEUM.

was received at Zipp's Casino last evening. Johnny Caroll has lost none of his popularity,

would show me an assortment of wants. I'd like a light straw want for Summer wear. My long felt one has about worn out."

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS. ZIPP'S CASINO.

attempt."
"Go on! Do go on! I want to hear you speak your whole mind out. I would not stop you for the world," she said, with a bit-

He knows us so well!" she cried, laughing again in the same low, mirthless fashion.
Did you love him I could excuse your

THOUGH SHAKEN LIKE A LEAF, By the most trivial causes, weak nerves are case, suc-

TOADS CAME WITH THE BAIN. Another Peculiar Animal Manifestation in Brooklyn's Streets.
Brooklyn has another zoological invasion

Not long ago it was potato bugs which over-

ran a section of the city; now it is small green

After a late rain Halsey street was alive with those curious little creatures. For several blocks in the Twenty-fifth Ward thousands of these funry tooks hopped about. The side-walks were alive with them, and it required stention on the part of the passer-by not to step on them and squash the life out of the unformate vicines.

nate victims.

They did not remain very long on the street. Soon after the rain ceased they had all hoped away into the vacant lots which are in that neighborhood and were out of aight in the lush grass.

ceptible of invigoration, a term which also imports, in this instance, quietude. The nervous have but to use this instance, quietude. The nervous have but to use Houtetter's Stymach Bitters systematically to ever-come that super-sensitiveness of the human sensortum, which is subversive of all bodily comfort and mental tranquillity, and which reacts meet hurifully upon the system. The difficulty underlying this, as well as many other allments, is imperfect assimilation, no less than incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both she digestive and assimilative functions, the Bitters are the most potent, the most reliable auxiliary. As the body regains vigor and regularity by its aid, the brain and nervous system are also benefited. Persons subject to the influence of malaria, dyspeptic and rheumatic invalids, and persons whose kidneys are in-

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19 and your own voice in a OF GETTYSBURG THE SALE OF THE BAR PRIVILEGES FOR THE Dublin Men's Association Excursion, to be beld on Sunday, July 14, 1889, will take place on Wednesday eventing next, June 10, at 8 o'clock, at Manneschor Hall, Nos. 205-209 East 56th st. By order of the Committee.

Johnnie Carroll, Tanaka, 4 Harmony Kings 4, Ida Lillian Abrama, John H. W. Byrne.

ter laugh.

'I have nothing more to say. I will congratulate you, if you like, on winning a coronet. It is the true English girl's ambition!" cruel mockery.
"From the first time we met I made no ef-

nesley, and you knew it."

He was not looking at her now. He had treatment of me. Love is always an excuse, But you do not. You love nobody but yourself. If any nigher rank were within your reach, you would fling this boy aside as unhesitating y as you have flung me."

"Yes. I love nobody but myself," she turned partly away and was saring out across the sublit sea. Had he seen her face he must have noticed how it changed suddenly. But fate was against them both, and dealy. But fate was against them both, and he saw nothing.

"You know," he hurried on, "that my devotion was not the idle homage a man pays a beautiful woman. You knew that my whole heart had gone out towards you, and tacitly you accepted it. You did a very weeked thing! I have no hesitation in acknowledging my weakness. I honor myself that I could love any human being as truly and unseitishly as I did you. That I was deceived is no shame to me."

and unseitishly as I did you. That I was deceived is no shame to me."

The pallor and softness left her face. The beautiful features looked hard, as if carved on of marble.

"Don't stop!" she cried. "You had more to say—finish it!"

"Only to compliment you on your skill and art! It amused you to attempt a sort of Lady Clara Vere de Vere play with an honest heart! You succeeded perfectly. If that knowledge be any triumpa to you take it,"

"Is it worth while?" she refored, as if considering whether to accept—necess which was of su h slight value.

"You do not deny the truth of what I have said. You cannot!" he exclaimed.

"You do not deny the truth of what I have said. You cannot!" he exclaimed.

"In any case. I would not," she cried; and now she confroned him with a face shaken by anger. "If one word would clear me in your estimation, I'd not speak it. No, not if my woull's safety depended on its utterance, Believ what you will. It is a maiter of indifference to me! Your respect would not be worth the baving. You have been rude—in-oleot. I will never forgive you!

Never!"

"It is a little odd to hear you out the right to speak calmly, since she had flamed into deceived is no shame to me."

The pallor and softness left her face. The beautiful features looked hard, as if carved

One of the Great Humorists. Capt. Evan P. Howell, of the Atlanta Con stitution, who is a capital story-teller, illustrated the persistent industry of the Chattamoogans by an aneedote of a man in Georgia who kept bees, and, not satisfied with their proverbial industry, actually attempted to cross them with lightning bugs in order to secure a continuation of honey-making through the night. Not an Improvement. Eastern Housekeeper-Do you have any difficulty in keeping good girls in the Western Housekeeper (from a natural gas

(From Nme.)
Colorado Bank President—Boys, I'm

weeks since a desperado came in here and de-manded several thousands in cash."
"Well?"
"Well, if some bandit deesn't come along think that something is wrong.

MAUD ANNESLEY.

Maud Annesley stood in the garden of 'asso's villa, which, as the traveller knows, a perched like a sea-bird on the summit of the tall cliffs and looked out across the sunlit